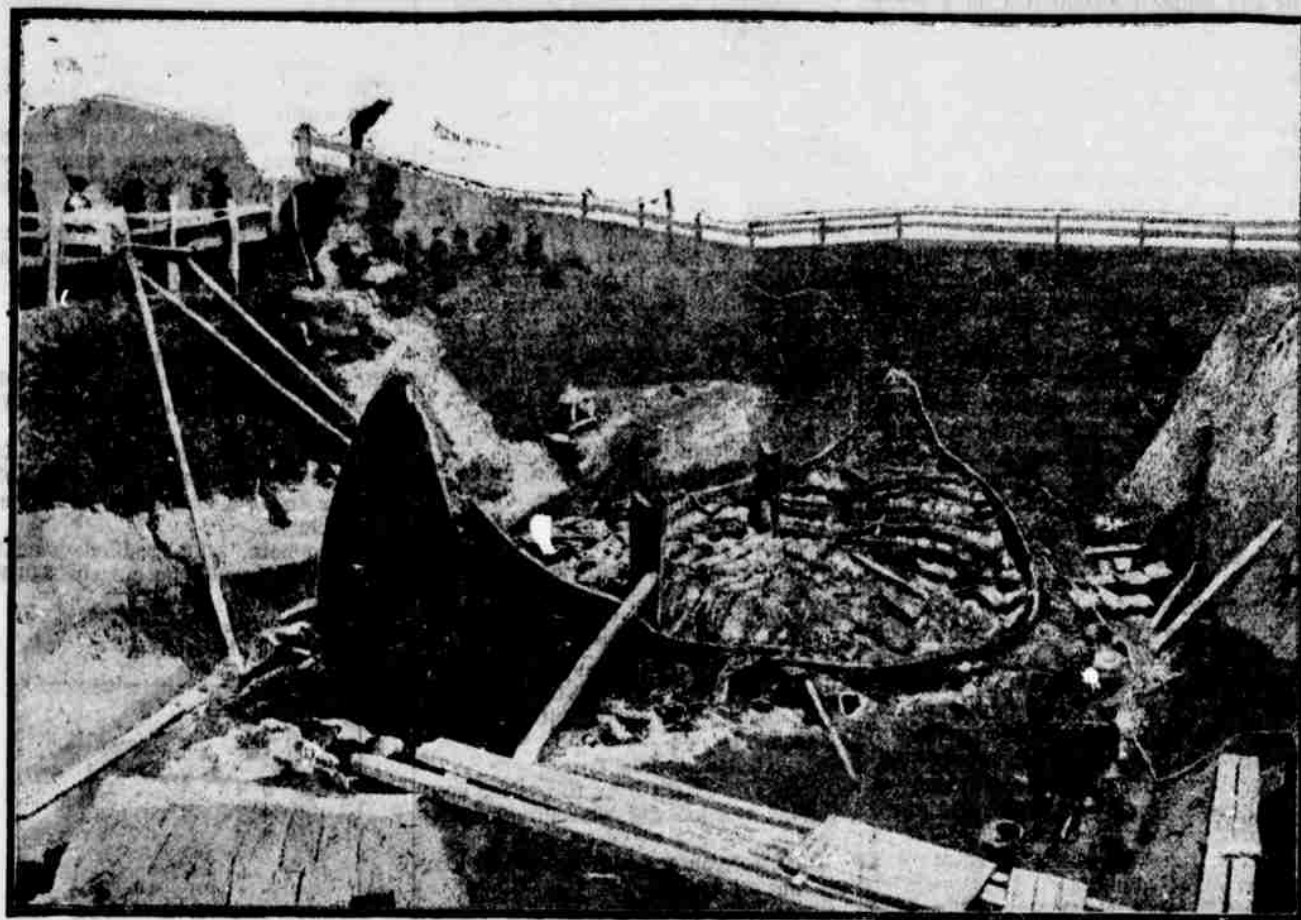


Viking Ship 1,000 Years Old



The Pleasure-Barge of Some Norwegian Queen: A thousand-Year-Old Viking Ship Newly Discovered at Slagen, Norway.

What is supposed to have been the pleasure barge of some Norwegian queen has been unearthed at Slagen, Norway. It is at least 1,000 years old and was discovered on the coast west of Christiania bay. Various circum-

stances point to its having been the pleasure vessel of some viking monarch's queen. These proofs are said to lie in the fact that no weapons were discovered in the burial tumulus where the ship lay. Other proofs are

the fine woodwork on the rails and prow, and a loom and an elegant sledge, probably a woman's, which were also found inside the vessel. The find has attracted the attention of scientists of Europe.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN SOUTH.

"Bob White" Acknowledged Favorite of Southern Game Birds.

Of all southern game birds "bob white" is the acknowledged favorite, for reasons which are obvious to any sportsman of America. His followers include residents in the east, west, north and south, says Field and Stream, although in no section of the country is he more generally abundant or more widely distributed than in the latter. We know the bob white quail in the south as the "partridge." The country boy of this part of the world speaks of a "gang of partridges" and would hardly know what you meant if you referred to a covey, or bevy, of quails.

With us in North Carolina the hunting season begins about Oct. 15 or Nov. 1 and usually closes March 1. During these open months our fields are occupied by a cosmopolitan concourse of hunters of all classes, conditions and colors, whose armament includes everything from the most modern breechloader to muskets identified with Gettysburg or the Wilderness.

In one of my hunts I discovered doing service a musket which dated back to revolutionary days. The young hunter's great grandfather doubtless bore this piece up the rugged side of King's mountain in an earlier generation.

Perhaps he did not expect it ever to be used on so small game as the little brown quail, which now interests so many persons. I had just entered a pea field with my dog, when a terrific roar and a cloud of black powder smoke advised me of the presence of this redoubtable piece. There emerged from the murk a long, lank youth holding on high the reeking gun. His eyes were big with excitement.

"Did you get him?" I asked.

"Got him as shore as gun's iron," he cried. "I seen him drap, right yander."

I joined him in his search but all

that we and my two dogs could discover was a big piece of wadding. I explained to him that this was probably what he had seen "drap," and he turned away with an expression of bitter disappointment on his face. He had shot into the brown of a rising covey and it seemed strange to him that he had not killed the whole bunch. I confess that I was beneficiary in this instance, for I followed up his scattered birds and bagged a number, much to the wonderment of my new-found friend.

Didn't Have to Remove His Arms.

Congressman W. H. Jackson of Maryland was arguing that the conversational delivery of speech was as effective with an intelligent audience as the declamation of a man whose brilliant periods are always accompanied by arm swinging.

"You are right," said a listener, "and your statement reminds me of a young lady who had two suitors. Both men had about the same advantages and prospects, but gossip declared that the girl would decide in favor of the man who was a lawyer, for he knew better how to present and win his case, but gossip erred; the lawyer was rejected. Later it was learned from a friend in whom the betrothed had confided the reason for her choice. 'Harry is convincing, but John is just as convincing and does not have to remove his arms every time he wants to say something.'"—Philadelphia Record.

The Rooster.

The rooster greets with clarion call the breaking of the day. He hails the first faint flush of dawn in his roosterly way. Fulfilling all his duty as a faithful chanticleer, With joy he notes that Night has fled And Day again is here.

I do not greet with joy, myself, The rooster's clarion call. In fact, when he uplifts his voice I am not pleased at all. My slumber ceases when his notes Ring vibrant through the air. And on my couch I toss and turn, And swear, and swear, and swear!

WHEN A MAN STARVES.

Effect of Lack of Food Varies with the Days.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unspeakable craving at the stomach at night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substances, but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea.

On the fifth day his cheeks appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color is ashy pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibalistic.

The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an over-powering languor and sickness. The head becomes dizzy, the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increasing lassitude and further prostration of strength. The mind wanders.

Judge Van Wyck Tells One.

Judge Augustus C. Van Wyck was arguing with sundry members of the North Carolina society against having a constitution that was too elaborate. He declared that he preferred a strong society and a weak constitution to a weak society and a strong constitution.

"This reminds me," he said, "of the reply made by Rufus Choate when a friend congratulated him on having a strong constitution. 'Bless your life,' said Choate, 'I wore out my constitution twenty-five years ago, and since then I have been living on my by-laws.'"

ABOUT THE LONDON "CABBY."

He Works Fourteen Hours a Day and Gets About Five Shillings Pay.

There are in London 2,711 cab proprietors, and of these 2,224 own fewer than five vehicles, says a writer in *Outing*. As you see, it is a poor man's industry.

The average price for hiring a cab is 12 shillings and 3 pence a day. In addition the cabman has to pay the yard fees. He gets two horses a day and is usually fourteen hours on the box. His license costs him five shillings a year. The tax of £2 on the cab and the 15-shilling wheel duty are paid by the owner. Taking it day in and day out, the cabby makes about 5 shillings a day. In the season he may take in more money, but as the hire is raised on him it comes to the same thing. If he is not content—and there is no reason why he should be—he does not grumble unduly.

Every day in London 120,000 people ride in cabs. Of course there is friction and there is a deal of noisy quarreling over fares, but so far as my experience goes the cabby is usually right in his estimate of the distances he has traveled and the money that is due him.

The cab horses are a good lot. They are worked six hours a day on an average. About three years in a hansom, however, will do up the best of them. Then they drift down to the four-wheelers.

Up-to-Date Costume.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, famous for her dramatic art and her pet dog Pinky Panky Poo, a Japanese spaniel of high culture, while in Washington recently went driving one day and incidentally dropped in to see a friend. The air was chilly, in fact cold, and Mrs. Campbell wore a long coat of Russian sable. Pinky or Panky or Poo was in a warm spot underneath the coat, his shaggy little head, his eyes, and white teeth peering out.

"Oh, what a lovely coat that is," exclaimed Mrs. Campbell's hostess as she stroked it; "and what an odd frog you've got there at the button," as she took hold of Pinky's head. Pinky repulsed the gentle squeeze with a snap.

"My heavens!" exclaimed the actress's friend. "What is that?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the actress laughingly. "It's just a little Jap that's got under a Russian's hide."—New York Times.

Poor Croesus.

If I were rich as Croesus—
But—out on riches, dear!
For I have you and love to-day,
And just to-day is here!
If I were rich as Croesus—
I pause again and laugh—
The half the joy of you and love—
Wealth could not buy the half!

If I were rich as Croesus—
I wonder if the flame
Of autumn leaves would be as red,
If skies would look the same.
If I were rich as Croesus—
Dear heart, I turn to you,
Would you hold me much dearer then,
Love me more than you do?

If I were rich as Croesus—
Dear heart, there's naught I lack,
And if I lost what now I have,
No wealth could bring it back!
If I were rich as Croesus,
And I were left alone,
Could golden dross bring back thy heart
To beat against my own?

Nay, I am rich as Croesus,
Far richer, too, I ween,
For there are hearts so close to mine
That naught may come between;
Aye, I am rich as Croesus—
I've held your hands in mine!
He never clasped you in his arms,
Nor saw your dear eyes shine.
—J. M. Lewis in *Louaton Post*.

A Profitable Flower Bed.

Two hundred and twenty-one dollars and fifty cents' worth of violets were raised and sold by a young girl who employed her leisure time from household duties in flower growing. Her violet patch measured 20x25 feet the first season, and the violets were sold to a near-by florist at fifty cents a hundred blossoms, netting a profit of \$92.50. The second season, having transplanted more violet plants in about ten feet more of ground, \$129 was realized in the sales.—From *How to Make Money*.